Synopsis

CHAPTER XXVI: Bartle asks a fabulous sum for the tobacco farms which Haskell refuses to consider. Haskell returns to the ranch house. There, during a meeting of the cattlemen, "El Caballero Rojo" suddenly appears.

CHAPTER XXVII

Statuesquely still, ominously silent, he let the sight of him sink into every man's mind before he moved a muscle.

Then he took two stiff steps forward, and the eyes visible above the red kerchief fastened themselves on Pete Haskell.

'You're boss here?" he demanded.

The veteran beefman had never known what real fear was in his life. And no man whose face was hidden by a scarlet neckerchief was going to spook him now.

"That's right, hombre," he said in a low, even friendly voice. "Was there something you wanted to see me about, maybe? I reckon you're the man they call El Caballero Rojo, right enough. Plumb glad to see you. Howdy."

The masked man gestured sharply.

"You've heard that the Aldman drying shed in Deep Water Valley was burned last night?" he snapped. "And that—"

* * *

"No!" Haskell's eyes widened, and he scratched his grizzled mop.

"And that Pop Aldman was shot down in cold blood—when he was not packing a gun?" The questions rapped on, toneless, insistent. "And that young Sam Aldman was murdered and nailed to Don Attero's Cross?"

"No!" Something accusing in that relentless fire of interrogation caught Haskell's ear, and slow, angry red dyed his broad, leathery face.

"Then you know all about it now!" snapped the scarlet-masked accuser. "And I don't expect you to admit that one of these men here right now obeyed your orders to have those things done!"

As those words were flung out, angry murmur arose from the crowd in the ranchhouse living room. Haskell himself was fighting mad. He took a quick step forward, thrust his head out to face the accuser.

"I wouldn't admit a lie like that for you or any man!" he flung out.

"I didn't come here to argue," El Caballero Rojo said coldly. "I'm only here to tell you that right after the next fire or killing of tobacco men in Deep Water Valley you'll finish up where Sam Aldman finished—spiked on Don Attero's Cross."

El Caballero Rojo didn't wait for an answer. Swiftly he backed, with one hand behind him groping for the doorway, and eyes on men he knew itched to go for their guns. But his own guns were steadily on them, moving in deadly, menacing arcs. Then, like a top, he pivoted, crouched a bare instant and sprang into the open.

Men snapped alive then, fell over each other in the packed room, crowding through the door. Guns blazed. A hail of lead whistled after a racing horse whose hoofs pounded through the gray of dawn.

"Got him!" a marksman yelled as the fleeing horseman swayed. "Got him sure as guns!"

"Sure, you got him bad, Andy!" Haskell yelled as he bolted for the corral. "Come on, boys, all of you! He won't get far. He can't hug leather for long—not the way he was reeling in the saddle."

The Half Circle H was the scene of a wild race to waiting horses, as Haskell roped and saddled a mount for himself. And yet, even as these men leaped to saddle, the last thought in any of their minds was of the reward money known to be on the head of El Caballero Rojo. Other matters were of far more importance to them. All any of them wanted right then was a chance to burn down the man who had dared accuse any of them of the lowest outrage of which they had ever heard.

* * *

In the arid hills beyond Mission Ridge, where neither cattle nor puncher were wont to stray, Juanita de Cuevas had built a campfire close to the steep side of an arroyo.

Her meal perpared, she walked aimlessly, to all intents, in a wide circle around the fire. Suddenly she mounted Pedro, whom she had left with trailing reins nearby, and the cry of a mountain lion came to her practiced lips. She rode off, leaving the breakfast to keep hot on a pile of stones she had heated in the campfire.

Drifting on the early morning wind came an answering cat's call. She rode faster. When she and El Caballero Rojo had made their arrangements they had decided that she was never to be found in his company as long as they stayed in Deep Water Valley. Nor would they ever be seen together over a campfire. So she had prepared his breakfast and had left it waiting while she had ridden away.

* * *

Presently Michael Valdez appeared, tethered El Cielo and began to wolf down his meal. Who was there to say he had not prepared it himself? And who was so canny as to recognize in this wandering black-haired vaquero the famous red-headed outlaw?

Valdez ate slowly after his first appetite was satisfied, and when he had finished he carefully killed the fire, cleaned and cached the kit. Then, with his gaudy conquistador raiment stowed away, he rode toward Gold Creek with a cigarette dangling from one corner of his mouth, the blue smoke drifting away on the wind.

Before he had traveled far, though, Michael Valdez reined up sharp. His brow furrowed, and he strained his eyes. He blinked and looked again. Then what he thought he had seen was gone. Mirage? No Valdez knew better. And yet—

On the cold gray skyline of early morning, climbing up, crossing the flat top and quickly fleeing down again, he had glimpsed a rider traversing a knoll so round it looked like a halved ball. And as suddenly as the rider had flashed into view, he was gone.

But Michael Valdez had seen. On the instant he had recognized the Mexican clothing, with sparkling conchas, the red sash and neckerchief worn by the mysterious rider ahead, and the cone-shaped hat that in the distance were exactly like Valdez' own.

It was one of the few occasions upon which Michael Valdez was frank to admit bewilderment—and surging curiosity that he had to fight hard to down. For as much as he would have liked a closer view of that rider ahead, this was no time for him to go investigating.

"That rider certainly looked like me," he muttered. "Worth seeing, at that, because I'm not left in the dark. For sure as fate somebody around here has started to trade for my brand—red hair and all."

(To be Continued)

Your Handwriting and You

By Alex S. Arnott

Analysis of Writing Reveals Handicaps

A neighbor told me that you have analysed her son's handwriting and the report was so much like him and his ways that I decided to write to you for a frank and truthful analysis of my son's handwriting. His school work is very poor and he is constantly getting into fights with other boys. Would you please assist me with this problem?

* * *

If you will look at the small letter "d" in the word "would," you will find David's first handicap. That small "d" which rises above the writing line and has a definite loop then comes down straight and finishes bluntly, like a club, tells me that he is very stubborn and determined to buck opposition for he does not care to recognize standards or accepted customs of procedure. You can help him with this by teaching him the rules of fair play and encouraging him to take part in team work with the other boys. The letters "l" and "k" are very tall which reveals pride, and plenty of it. He is a boy who thinks a lot of his personal honor and will force the issue when challenged by other boys on this point. The wide open "o" is indicative of his determination to be frank and outspoken which is another good characteristic but again it is overemphasized. The large and sprawled out writing with the long lower loops of the letter "p" are indications his desire for change and variety in whatever he does, for routine matters and detail work cause him to lose interest rapidly. The ability to concentrate is absent in his script and this must be a definite handicap to his studies. It would be to a decided advantage to vary his school work as frequently as permissible as he is at his best when there is variety and changing conditions.

* * *

Love of sport, movement and change of scenery are all indicated in the script and he might benefit by mixing studies and sports to give him full expression of change from too much concentration at one time.

My letter to you should give further assistance with this problem and you may help further by discussing this report with him and encouraging him on all his strong traits of character.

would help

Our readers may receive an interesting and instructive personal analysis of their handwriting by sending an example of writing with 25 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Box B, room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

ANNE HIRST
Your Family Counselor

Equal Education Vital To Teen-Ager

WHAT WOULD you do if you were a girl of 17, on your way to college, and in love with a young man who hasn't gone through high school?

You aren't the usual teen-ager by any means. You have been brought up with a love of learning (always an A student) to which have been added superior home training and quite a bit of travel. You are a positive person, too, restless, needing many diversions.

On the other hand, the lad concerned comes from a community where higher education is not common, nor deemed essential. He is superior to all his friends, however. He has a dormant intelligence, sterling qualities, and is ambitious.

The girl who asks my opinion says he is the sweetest person she ever knew, and there is nothing he wouldn't do for her. Her parents like him. "But," she adds, "he doesn't have the one necessary attribute, an education."

● WOULD MARRIAGE WORK?

She wants to know whether she shall give up her college plans and marry the boy now. Subtly help him along the path of knowledge ("seeking her own literary stimulation elsewhere") or go on to college and "find someone with a good education and the common sense to use it to good measure?"

It is likely that this 17-year-old places too high a value on education per se; yet with her background it is easy to see why. If she marries the boy now she would, I'm afraid, (and sooner than later) become really ashamed of him. Being a positive person, she wouldn't be able to hide it. Their marriage would be doomed. If, however, he too goes to college because she asks him to, and rises to what she calls her "literary level," it might work out all right.

To my mind, though, the hazards are too great. Notwithstanding her education, she is only 17. In the next few years she is apt to find someone better suited to her demands. Just now she is something of an intellectual snob. Whether college will deepen that attitude, or awaken her to life's more vital realities, is hard to say. It would be unfair to lead this devoted lad on with hopes which might prove impossible to realize.

It seems best that she tell him firmly that she does not intend to consider marriage until she has finished college. By that time she can see how they both mature, and whether they are still in love.

TO "H.B.": Your parents may like this boy, but they also might be appalled that you consider giving up college to marry him now. You should be good college material. By the time you graduate, however, you may have other ideas on marriage with which this lad even then might not concur. At any rate, I don't think either of you is old enough to marry now. Ask your parents' opinion. I think they will agree.

* * *

Marriage needs far more than most teen-agers are prepared to give. It requires common ideals, mutual acceptance of the verities of life, and an all-embracing appreciation of each other. If you stand on the threshold of such a decision, let Anne Hirst help clear your mind. Write her at Box A, Room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

Modern Etiquette

By Roberta Lee

Q. When a man is taking a girl to the theater, should he or the girl follow directly behind the usher?

A. The girl should go first if following an usher. When there is no usher, the man should lead the way.

Q. What is the correct procedure a man usually follows when buying an engagement ring for his fiancee?

A. After he has proposed and been accepted he and the girl usually go to the jeweler's together and select a ring that is in accord with the desire and taste of the girl.

Q. What would be a suitable phrase for a wife to use when introducing her husband to another woman?

A. "Mrs. Barnes, may I present my husband?"

Q. Is it good form for one to use his initials on a visiting card?

A. The proper form is to have the name appear in full.

Q. Should a man always rise when being introduced?

A. Yes, always, regardless of whether the other person is a man or a woman, old or young.

Q. Is it all right for a girl at a dance to powder her nose without going to the dressing room?

A. Yes, when she can do so inconspicuously.

Make it in a jiffy! Outline or chain stitch for those gorgeous roses! Easy sewing, just 2 main pattern parts. Blouse can tuck in, too!

Pattern 782; embroidery transfer; blouse pattern in sizes 14, 16, 18, 20; 32, 34, 36, 38, 40. State size.

Send TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in coins (stamps cannot be accepted) for this pattern to the Needlecraft Dept., room 421, 73 Adelaide St. West, Toronto. Print plainly PATTERN NUMBER, your NAME and ADDRESS.

Sunday School Lesson

By Rev. R. Barclay Warren

Power Of The Holy Spirit

John 14:25-26; Acts 3:1-4; 4:41; Galatians 5:22-26.

Golden Text — But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witness unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth.-Acts 1:8.

In this quarter we have studied about God the Father and about His Son Jesus Christ. To-day we consider the third person of the Godhead, the Holy Spirit. Divine Revelation never goes into reverse. "But who", you ask, "could take the place of Jesus when He ascended into heaven?" He promised the Holy Spirit. "He", said Jesus, "shall teach you all things and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you."

* * *

The Spirit was given on the day of Pentecost which came fifty days after the Passover. It commemorated the giving of the Law at Sinai. The Spirit came upon one hundred and twenty believers who were assembled together. The phenomena accompanying the Spirit's descent were significant. There was a sound as of a rushing mighty wind. One word expresses "wind" and "spirit" in both the Hebrew and the Greek languages. Wind is a symbol of the Spirit. The tongue of fire pointed to the fact that God had now taken up His abode in His human temple. But what astounded the men from many lands, gathered on this festive occasion was that these Galileans were miraculously enabled to preach the Gospel to them in their own language. Some mocked but many listened to the message in their own language and were converted.

* * *

The gift of the Holy Ghost not only purified their hearts (Acts 15:9) but gave them a holy boldness. They went out to preach Jesus Christ to the world. They were not deterred by stripes, imprisonment or the probability of death. They obeyed God in preference to men.

Paul points out another very important evidence of the Indwelling Spirit. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, self-control." What a beautiful cluster, yet blended in one. Love heads the list. None are so beautiful as those who live and walk in the Spirit.

Jesus Christ, in his humanity, was limited to one place at one time. But the Holy Spirit is everywhere revealing Christ to the hearts of men. We ought to yield ourselves completely to His dominion. We shall then live the beautiful life and bear an effective witness in a needy world.

★

She Had Her Chance

Mrs. Young, passing the fishmonger whilst out shopping, stopped to make a complaint.

"Those soles I bought from you yesterday, Mr. Jones, were not fresh."

"Well, ma'am," answered Mr. Jones, "that's your fault, not mine. I've offered them to you every day this week, and you could've 'ad them on Monday if you'd liked."

★

PILES

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Dr. Chase's Ointment

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FOR FAST, SURE PROLONGED RELIEF
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Then Try This Remarkable Medicine!

Are you troubled by distress of female functional monthly disturbances? Does this make you suffer, feel so *nervous*, weak, tired—at such times? Then do try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to relieve such symptoms!

In a recent test it proved very helpful to women troubled this way. You *owe it to yourself* to try it.

Pinkham's Compound is what is known as a uterine sedative. It has a soothing effect on *one of women's most important organs.*

For over 70 years thousands of girls and women have reported benefit. Just see if you, too don't report excellent results. *Worth trying!*

NOTE: Or you may prefer LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS with added iron.

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Now—for extra-fast baking—it's New Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast. No need to keep it in the icebox—it stays fresh in the cupboard for weeks—right there when you need it. Just dissolve according to directions. Then use as fresh yeast. IF YOU BAKE AT HOME—you can always keep a large supply ready for "hurry-up" baking—more delicious baking results. Order Fleischmann's Royal Fast Rising Dry Yeast from your grocer today.